THE

TOILET, &c.

No. VI.

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SKETCH, No. I.

WHEN a man, however inadvertently, has received the military bounty, he is conſidered to all intents and purpoſes enliſted, and it becomes him to ſubmit with cheerfulneſs to the orders of his ſuperior, to perform with readineſs and gaiety the exerciſe in the drill, and be prompt and alert in the execution of any tour of duty that may be aſſigned him. If he diſplays a coolneſs, and intrepidity in the day of battle, he will be publicly honored and promoted; and if diſabled from further duty, he will be laid up in the hoſpital for invalids, or honorably placed on the penſion liſt for life; there to enjoy the ſweet ſatisfaction of having ſeen his good intention ſucceed, and be at liberty to "ſhoulder his crutch and ſhew how fields were won." So a man, having inadvertently offered a few haſty ſketches and received the *complimentary advance*, is called upon to aſſume his colors, and be known by "a local habitation and a name." The fortune, however of an author, is eſſentially different from that of a ſoldier. On the expiration of the ſoldier's term of enliſtment, if his conduct has *not* been eminent, he is honorably diſcharged. A writer, it is true, is at liberty to withdraw whenever he pleaſes, but then, unleſs his merit entitle

him to a certificate of naturalization, he is liable to be ſeized by the ſurgeons of literature, as a proper ſubject to be diſected alive for the benefit of the republic of letters. Poſſibly two conſiderations may afford ſome little conſolation in a caſe of this kind. In the firſt place he is aſſociated with a multitude of ſimilar culprits, and may poſſibly acquire new life and energy from the colliſion of diſcordant ſpirits. In the ſecond, he has learned, that the moſt eminent writers are equally expoſed to the torture and the knife. He finds that ſome men delight more in magnifying a minute blemiſh on the features of genius than in tracing the principles of life, and in diſplaying the moſt happy and regular organization of body. He knows, likewiſe, that a ſtroke inflicted on the delicate texture of an Addiſon or Pope, makes a deeper and more durable impreſſion than one of twice its weight on the rough ſides of their cotemporaries Dennis and Cibber.

Not expecting the fortune of the one, nor deſiring that of the other of theſe claſſes; too humble ever to emerge into notice, and too obſcure to afford an example, if the deſultory obſervations of a volunteer, can *uſefully* fill a page of the Toilet, they will ſometimes be communicated under the title of *Sketch*.

It is hardly doubtful, that ſervility is incompatible with real complaiſance; though like ceremony and good breeding, they are often confounded. Complaiſance varies more with the faſhion of the times, is a mode rather than a habit, and exactly ſuits itſelf to the circumſtances of the caſe. Servility is adopted from neceſſity, is continued from cuſtom, till it becomes a ſet-

tled and confirmed habit. A kind of genteel confidence, growing out of poliſhed ſociety is attached to the man of good breeding, and diffuſes an indiſcribable grace over all his actions. From a mean education, I ſhould hope, and not from turpitude of heart, is derived that dingineſs, which attends all the actions of a man of ſervile manners.

Men who have emerged from a ſtate of extreme dependence, while they determine entirely to ſhake off the appearance of ſervility, often affect a ſtyle of complaiſance that is highly ridiculous. The weapon that is flouriſhed with graceful eaſe, in the hands of a veteran officer, muſt be uſed with great circumſpection by the raw recruit.

In many ſervile imitators of elegant manners, we might ſuſpect a deficiency of good ſenſe, did we not in the morning, before the faſhion of the day is aſſumed, diſcover a mind well furniſhed with knowledge, and an ingenuity of obſervation that denoted a quickneſs of apprehenſion. It is in the exterior only that ſuch men fail of exhibiting the gentleman.

There is another claſs who exhibit a very ſingular character. In removing from the country to town they ſeem to have ſuffered a total dereliction of memory. Such men are certainly deſerving of commiſeration, ſince the beſt and wiſeſt men of all ages and nations, have declared that from the fountains of memory are derived the ſprings of conſolation and happineſs. The little details of our boyiſh days, are to them trifling and abſurd: they have begun life anew, and with hearts panting for riches, power, and reſpect, trample on the duſt of their native village, with as much inſolence as

a French Director ſtalks over the ruins of his monarch's palace. A young woman of a very pretty countenance, and decently dreſſed, was the other day paſſing the houſe of my friend Dedam in Norfolk, when an old man accoſted her, with a look of peculiar complacency. The girl dropped a low curteſy and hurried along. "Poor Sukey," ſaid the old man, "her heart is full of ſorrow. Ben, while at home, courted her ſeven years. But ſince he has lived in town and got money, he ſays it would diſgrace him to marry a woman who had never ſeen *genteel life*, ſo he juſt calls to ſay 'how d'ye do,' and leaves her to find another ſweetheart."

The CENSOR.

We give the moſt implicit credit to that writer, or ſpeaker, who appears to take the greateſt intereſt in our own affairs. Hence the parent, whoſe ſoul is bound up in the life of his child, is moſt happily ſituated in this reſpect. How eaſy is it for him to direct the genius, the deſires and habits of thoſe, whom he ſo tenderly loves! Yet, it is not uncommon, to ſee the indulgent father, inſtead of correcting the exuberance of puerile paſſion and folly, gratify the moſt unreaſonable propenſity, and encourage a life of diſſipation, rather than counteract the ardent wiſhes of his favorite ſon! While the partial mother can diſcern no eccentricity in her darling boy, nor a freckle on the face of a beloved daughter! Accuſtomed to look on their own children as prodigies and paragons, they receive the precepts, which are given for the management of common minds, with diſdain. Perfection of organization

muſt require an unuſual method of culture. An unaccountable ſagacity, at the birth of a child, muſt not only flatter the pride of the expectant parent, but muſt put his own invention upon the wreck, to form fit inſtitutions for the improvement of the price which is put into his hands. That, which was known to thoſe of old time, would be traſh to thoſe, who, without diſpute, were born to inſtruct and aſtoniſh future ages. But, in order to gain a paſſport through this old faſhioned world, a ſlight attention muſt be paid to the vulgar notions of its inhabitants. The art of reading proſe, which is decently *eaſy*, without ſpelling more than half the words, of perfectly recollecting what books, pamphlets and papers it is faſhionable to condemn, is neceſſary to aſtoniſh the mob with an uncommon profoundneſs and extent of reading. A monkiſh ſecluſion from ſociety would be peculiarly unfavorable to the acquiſition of this kind of ſcholarſhip; many modern circles are adorned with luminaries, eminent in each of theſe important branches. To them, therefore, I muſt refer the parent of *perfect* children, to procure the ſecond degree *de more academearum Europearum.*

But to thoſe, who have been ſo unhappy, as to perceive that their children have a few failings; that they require much attention and direction, to be at all times purſuing the way they ſhould go, a different method of culture may be ſafely recommended.

Propenſities, and habits, either rational, or baſe, grow and are regulated by the objects, which are preſented to allure; and the mind, which habitually ſubmits to thoſe, which are the moſt faſcinating, without

diſcriminating between their qualities, may as oft be enticed by the evil as the good. Here, then, is the proper province of the parent, or inſtructor. To note the firſt dawn of genius, and mark the native tendency of inclination, as the index of future profoundneſs, or volatility, of heroic virtue, or of timid caution and ſedateneſs. Subjects and examples ſuited to their inquiries and obſervation ſhould ever be a ſtudy of ſerious attention. Characters congenial and pleaſing ſhould be ſought as companions, to fix habits of ſympathy and affection, ere inſincerity finds a place in the heart. The reſpect, which the child is taught to ſhow to the companions of its parents ſhould never be forced to ſervility, unleſs their virtues and reſpectability are ſufficiently prominent to attract its love and eſteem. To force us to love the vicious is to compel us to reſpect vice. The child ſhould, therefore, be taught to look on virtue and its adherents with reverance and eſteem, to court only their applauſe and approbation; while the gewgaws of vice and deformity ſhould be preſented only as objects of horror and averſion. The young female, as ſhe comes forward in ſociety, is neceſſarily ſubjected to a group of characters as various, as is the wickedneſs of man. At this giddy period of life, what but a heart untainted, and a ſet of principles founded on the baſis of parental love and diſcretion, can ſteadily protect from the extended arms of adulation, and that ruin, which her moſt ardent admirer is ſecretly preparing? This is a queſtion which muſt reach the feelings of every one, who is not ſteeled to the tears of female miſery, and loſt to the moſt endearing ligaments of human ſociety.

Mr. Editor,

Having the pleaſure of being in the company of a polite circle, the other evening, I was a ſpectator to the following obſervations, which I ſend to your diſpoſal.

"And pray, what would you have my dear child," was the reply of an amiable and indulgent parent to the ſprightly obſervations of her daughter, in the circle of about a dozen young ladies, moſt of whom were freely commenting on the merit and demerit of your 'prattling Toilet.?' "And pray what would you have my lovely Caroline, of this new comer? Is it reaſonable to expect of it, in its infancy, that perfection which *age* and *experience* alone can give it, and which is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to every thing intelligent; a talent ſufficient to anticipate *all* your wiſhes and expectations? Would it not be more cordial to communicate to the Editor *your* opinion of what would be moſt acceptable to the fair daughters of New England? what ſtyle of compoſition is moſt in repute, and what the moſt old faſhioned; what is palatable and what offenſive? Habituated as you are to reading romantic fiction, the production of foreign climes, whoſe grand aim is the extinction of ſublime and virtuous ſentiments, and the overthrow of all moral principles; principles which are ſo nicely interwoven by the great Architect, to augment the happineſs of the human race, to ſweeten their enjoyment in the preſent ſcene of action, and finally to render them more capable of enjoying a paradiſe of bliſs? Yes, my dear, I fear it is the peruſal of this fiction, that robs the common incidents of life of half their charms, and renders inſipid, that which is calculated for your greateſt good. For my part, I am highly pleaſed with the proſpectus of this new adventurer, and although it may have imper-

fections, ſtill it has *merit*. I hope it will not experience the ſame fate of the Nightingale, whoſe melody was calculated to charm its liſtening auditors; and, had it the *power* of continuing its notes, would have captivated its patrons; but, alas! it fell in the morn of life. And the Tablet, which was cultivated by ſo refined a taſte, ſo capable of ſelecting and refining from the hot bed of the muſes, and the grove of Parnaſſus, was untimely buried in the rubbiſh of neglected merit." Unite, ye lovely fair ones, unite your efforts to foſter this friendly viſitor; give him that animation which your pens alone are capable to afford; raiſe him to eminence and yourſelves to fame. SPECTATOR.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

To approve of this ſlick method of conveying flattery, would diſcover a mind incapable of diſcerning between its own imperfections and the inſincerity of the author. That the *TOILET* has blemiſhes I am ſo fully ſenſible, that a ſpice of applauſe would tend to confuſe rather than elate. Appearing as it did, under circumſtances the moſt unfavorable and aſpects the moſt inauſpicious, and conſidering the reception it has met, I have far greater cauſe for encouragement than deſpair, amid the cruel aſperity of remarks, the thorn over which, the ſteady foot alone can walk unhurt.

Unknown in the literary world, I have volunteered without a commiſſion. If I ſucceed, I heſitate not to promiſe myſelf juſtice from my peers: but if I fall, this ſolace ſhall follow my name back to obſcurity, that the *cauſe* to which my ſervices were devoted, was worthy a perſonage more honorable and proſperous, and a life more durable and happy. EDITOR.